

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER—Fair, warmer; southerly winds.

## THE TEST VOTE

The second day of the Journal's canvass of the voters of Greater New York was essentially a repetition of the first. The candidates preserved their relative positions with really remarkable uniformity. Van Wyck received 8,373 votes; George, 5,200; Low, 6,212, and Tracy, 3,700. The only vigorously growing candidacy is that of George, which represented 23.5 per cent of the total vote on the first day, and 21.1 on the second. Low's percentage increased from 23.2 to 23.4. Van Wyck's remained stationary at 31.4, and Tracy's fell off from 17.1 to 12.9. On the face of the returns it would seem as if the Tracy voters were going over to George. The fact, however, doubtless is that many of the supporters of Tracy, seeing that their candidate has no chance to win, are turning to Low, while these accessions to the Low movement are balanced by a drift of some of the original Low men to George.

The Journal has now ascertained the opinions of 54,799 citizens, constituting about 10 per cent of the voters in Greater New York. If we assume the opinions obtained to be fairly representative, and multiply the votes for the various candidates by ten, we get these results:

Van Wyck	172,510
George	162,230
Low	127,779
Tracy	85,270
Plurality of Van Wyck over George	10,280
Plurality of George and Low over Van Wyck	117,489
Plurality of Low and Tracy over Van Wyck	40,589
Anti-Tammany majority	202,970

It is evident that Tammany is in a rather precarious position. With its very small indicated plurality, any combination whatever among its opponents, even between the weakest two of them, would result in its crushing defeat. And it is not at all certain that it can preserve even its present slight plurality. On the basis of yesterday's vote Van Wyck would be only 2,260 ahead of George.

The situation is one that may well induce serious thought in the Wigwam.

## A GREAT AMERICAN.

The appearance of Henry George as a candidate for Mayor has given our local political canvass not only a national but a world-wide interest. Because of his books, which have been translated into all the modern languages, George's name is as familiar to the reading people of France, Germany and Russia as it is in America and throughout the British Empire. Beginning to write as a journalist in the Far West, he has risen to a position among the very foremost thinkers of his time. In his efforts to ascertain the cause of poverty in the midst of progress and to prescribe the cure for the sorest malady from which civilization suffers, he has not merely achieved great renown for himself, but put conservatism everywhere on its defence in the court of reason. To the poor he is an evangel of a better day; to the selfish rich he is a disturber of the first magnitude. His aim has been to transform political economy from a dismal science devoted to justifying things as they are into a weapon for the use of those who would improve the lot of the struggling and ill-requited mass of mankind. Millions believe he has succeeded in his task, and his opponents, however learned, are compelled to acknowledge his intellectual power and worthiness of motive.

On his personal side Henry George is too well known to New Yorkers to make it possible for the local estimate of him to be changed by either the praise or detraction of a political campaign. His character is spotless, and only the ignorant can suspect him of other than good purposes. In every relation of life he commands esteem.

## PROSPERITY AND TICKERS.

The bears are having their turn in the stock market. As they have been playing in pretty hard luck of late it would hardly be fair to begrudge them some little share in the return of prosperity. The reduced prices of stocks, as compared with the high prices of a month ago, merely indicate one of the vicissitudes in the gambling operations of Wall Street. The bulls carried the betting on their system a little too far, and now the run of luck is favoring the bears.

Meanwhile, seventy-five million people continue to sow, reap, manufacture, buy and sell in total disregard of the fluctuations of the tickers. The farmers with enormous crops secured and a certainty of fair if not high prices, are paying off their mortgages. The mills are running overtime. The railroads cannot find cars enough for their freight, and let the bulls and bears fight it out as long as they find the exercise amusing. The country has more important things to think about.

## PRAIRIE FIRES IN CHICAGO.

Chicago is suffering tribulations, which, if less harassing than the visitation of Mayoralty candidates that is afflicting New York, are quite sufficient to try men's souls. The city has been invaded by prairie fires, and, say the dispatches, "dense smoke overhangs a large part of the territory lying south of Seventy-fifth street."

This disaster menaces the reviving prosperity of

Chicago with serious damage. A large part of the hay crop of the city has been destroyed. The farmers along the principal boulevards of the South Side have stopped in the middle of their ploughing for their winter wheat. The output of butter and cheese in the peripheral wards, from the Eighty-ninth to the Two Hundred and Sixteenth inclusive, is likely to be largely reduced. We trust that this disaster will move the Chicago Fire Department to enforce the rule requiring a protective strip to be ploughed through the sod around every farm situated on the prairie at a distance of more than forty miles from the City Hall.

## ONE OF THE TRIALS THAT MAKE LIFE A CHAMPION OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

So hard for the engineers of the political machines just now is the quality of the men available for such citizens as are not satisfied with boss candidates. The voter is no longer in the position of the traveller to whom the country hotel-keeper offered the choice between pepper and mustard for dinner. If he dislikes one machine ticket he is not compelled to fall back upon another.

Many citizens who resent boss rule feel no necessity for looking farther than Seth Low for a satisfactory candidate. Mr. Low unites the best elements of progressiveness and conservatism. Born to wealth, he has regarded his riches not as the means of his own aggrandizement, but as an agency for doing good. He has served a long apprenticeship in administrative work as the head, twice elected, of the government of Brooklyn. His executive ability has enabled him to extend the work of Dr. Barnard, and raise Columbia to the rank of one of the first universities in America. While his broad sympathies and his efforts for the improvement of the condition of every class of the community have won him the friendship of those upon whom existing social arrangements press most heavily, the most conservative citizens have no fear of any dangerous break in the process of orderly development under his management. In this campaign Seth Low stands pre-eminently for good government. If he should be elected it is certain that no supporter of his would ever have reason to be ashamed of his part in bringing about that result.

## CROKER'S MAN GRADY.

Mr. Grover Cleveland has committed a good many faults, for which he has been duly punished, but for one thing he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance in this State. The letter he wrote to John Kelly in 1883, protesting against the return of Thomas F. Grady to the State Senate, embodied the sentiments of every decent man in New York. It would be well for the Tammany leaders to brush the dust from that letter and study it now. The nomination of Grady for District-Attorney would load their ticket with infamy. It is not a ticket to inspire enthusiasm now—with such a candidate it would be one whose support would be equivalent to a forfeiture of character.

## BETTER DAYS FOR CUBA.

The appointment of Moret y Pendergast to the post of Minister of the Colonies in the new Sagasta Cabinet is acceptable to every friend of Cuba. Moret, when Sagasta formerly held power, was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and once before he occupied his present office. His signature was attached to the decree which abolished human slavery in Cuba. Moret is one of the most creditable of Spain's public men. He is a student as well as a politician, has travelled much, and is liberal-minded and progressive. His opposition to the policy represented by the ruthless Weyler has been firm. As he set forth some months ago in an interview for the Journal, he favors granting to Cuba home rule on the Canadian plan. Spain, he is convinced, could afford to yield to the island everything save only sovereignty, and such discriminating tariff privileges in behalf of the mother country as would satisfy the people, or rather the merchants, of Spain.

Moret's appointment indicates very clearly a change in Spanish policy toward Cuba. He is, of course, as antagonistic to Cuban independence as are the public men of all parties, but he is equally antagonistic to reliance upon murder and devastation as the means whereby Cuban loyalty is to be secured.

Yet while the world will rejoice that civilized men like Moret are being called in to replace the mediaeval oppressors of Cuba, it is not to be expected that the insurrection will be quelled by them through compromise, however hard they may try. When Generals Gomez and Calixto Garcia declare, as they do, that they will not lay down their arms until the Cuban Republic has been recognized by Spain, they express the unalterable resolution which animates the patriot armies.

## THE "PROMOTION" OF M. PATENOTRE'S OVERSIGHT.

The "promotion" of M. Patenotre, the French Ambassador at Washington, to the rank of Ambassador at Madrid is now well understood to be a punishment for the diplomat's rashness in marrying a beautiful American lady without the permission of his Government. The rule which M. Patenotre violated, childish as it appears at first sight, is one that prevails very generally in countries that have professional diplomatic services. It is enforced with especial rigor by the Government of Germany. It forbids any diplomatic representative to marry, without the consent of his superiors, a citizen of the country to which he is accredited. The prohibition is doubtless based on the fear that a diplomat bound by domestic ties to the people among whom he serves might lose some of the singleness of his devotion to the interests of his own country. As there are no serious causes of controversy between France and the United States, M. Patenotre could doubtless have obtained permission to wed his Philadelphia bride if he had asked for it, but having omitted that formality he must expiate his fault in the chilly exile of Madrid.

Major Moses P. Handy is asking for more space at the Paris Exposition. The managers of the exposition will make a serious mistake if they fail to give Moses all the room he wants.

Governor Mount's efforts to suppress lawlessness in

Indiana have not been in vain. A mob gathered at Osgood the other night to lynch one of their fellow citizens, and their intended victim, presumably out of respect for the good name of the State, slipped out of town and spoiled the enterprise.

If General Miles has really secured any valuable information during his European outing perhaps he will be able to help the Administration out in the Hogshead post office affair.

The annexation of Hawaii may be necessary in order for the Administration to supply a sufficient number of offices to discharge Mr. Hanna's campaign obligations.

That leak in the correspondence with Spain and the leak in the Brooklyn dry dock made their appearance simultaneously.

It would seem that Greece has a crisis she will not be able to run away from.

## THE JOURNAL AND THE MAYORALTY

It has not been necessary for the ordinary reader of a newspaper to be endowed with the faculties of a Mahatma to discover that the New York Journal has been only half-hearted in its advocacy of the Tammany ticket. The Journal is looked upon as the organ of the regular Democracy in the East, which is, of course, the Bryan Democracy.

It speaks pleasantly of Henry George, and the general impression is that if it bolts Tammany it will support him, but some people believe that in its disgust with Croker and its desire to do away root and branch with all Croker stands for in municipal elections, it may declare unequivocally and earnestly for Seth Low and support him with the vigor and strength which are characteristic of it.—New York Tribune.

"Self-respecting Democrats will not support unit Democratic nominees," says the New York Journal.

That is a brilliant and manly statement. It is what every citizen in a municipal election should pin in his hat and read in order to purge himself of political sins. Glorious will be the day when there is neither Democrat nor Republican known in city government. The people have lived long enough under the misrule of national politics in municipal government.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Double Play for Mr. Croker.

To the Editor of the Journal:

As an intimate friend of our great Tammany leader, Mr. Croker, I have been distressed by the embarrassing situation in which he finds himself. Mr. Croker has torn himself away from the congenial associations of the Prince's set to devote a few weeks to the task of saving New York a government, intending to return to London after election and resume his scintillations in Mayfair. But in order to elect his ticket he is obliged to come into more or less intimate contact with numbers of people of the lower orders, especially Irish, and this, I fear, will materially affect the cordiality of his reception when he returns to the Prince. In this crisis it has occurred to me that our noble leader may find it advantageous to wear one of the new chambray-tufted hats designed by His Royal Highness. The hat, being green, would win the affections of the Irish voters, and the Prince would reward the delicate compliment of his inventive genius by bestowing upon Mr. Croker a hearty handshake. PANTATA.

## EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

### The Journal's Poll of the Voters.

To the Editor of the Journal: Your poll of twenty-eight thousand voters in Greater New York was a great feat. It showed better than a thousand editorials how greatly mistaken Platt and Croker are in their estimate of the intelligence and patriotism of New York. When I want facts free from partisan lies I get the Journal. ALDINE.

### George's Hot Pace.

To the Editor of the Journal: It looks as if Henry George were going to make a runaway race of it. Oh, my! what a hot pace he is setting for the other horses! Richard Croker is the first Irishman to prefer England as a residence to America or Ireland, and the people of New York City will have none of him or Thomas County Platt either. Home rule is the cry and popular rights the spirit of the campaign. Yours, PARNELLITE.

### Some Questions for George's Friends.

To the Editor of the Journal: I was very much interested in Mr. Lindhurst's letter yesterday telling us why we ought to be proud of the chance to vote for Henry George for Mayor, and it occurs to me that there are some very good reasons why we should not vote for him. Because Mr. George wrote a remarkable book is no more reason that he should make a good Mayor than if he had painted a fine picture or run a fast foot race. Mr. George is a theorist of international renown, but does he know the difference between a street department job and a franchise grab? The government of Greater New York calls for the same sort of ability that the conduct of a great business demands. The Mayor must run the city economically and be aware of the city's chances and advantages. Has Mr. George shown the capacity in his own business affairs that would enable him to handle the city's affairs? It is not a rather notorious fact that he is poor, though the sale of "Progress and Poverty" was enough to enrich half a dozen men? To be sure, it may be urged that Mr. George despises business and its rewards. That may or may not be a praiseworthy disposition, but it is the disposition that is likely to give us a good economical administration. Is Mr. George competent to see through the hands of the three-headed men that ever pulled the wool over a public official's eyes? His publishers always try to get around a Mayor to a city's treasury. Mr. George is a benefactor of his race, but his field of benefactions does not lie in the domain of politics or business. With great respect, yours, CHARLES LOESIN.

### A Cheer for George.

To the Editor of the Journal: Hurrah for Henry George! This election will be a landmark for him and New York will be the winner. For once our city will have a Chief Executive who is as big as his office. It will be a proud day for New Yorkers when they have this great man at the head of their city. We have had lawyers, millionaires and politicians in that office, now let us have a man whose study of politics is not confined to the determination of what is in it for him. A WORKINGMAN.

### A Word for Judge Van Wyck.

To the Editor of the Journal: Why can't we have a little justice in this campaign? I have known Bob Van Wyck ever since his boyhood, and I never knew him do anything dishonorable. Why, then, is the ticket headed by him referred to as if it comprised the worst men in New York? He has been on the Bench for years; has there ever been a breath of scandal about any judicial act of his? Can anybody say a word against his honesty, his intelligence or his dealings with his fellow men? The worst that can be said of his record is that some years ago he drank too much one night at a French ball. I happen to know he has not tasted liquor since that night. How many of his detractors have as clean a past? What Democrat worthy of the name can refuse to vote for his party nominee under such conditions? This is a bitter campaign, and if there was aught to be said against Judge Van Wyck, his enemies would certainly have hunted it up. I know Van Wyck is a good man. The test of a man's character is the opinion of those acquainted with him, and it is not among these who lead the detractors of Judge Van Wyck. A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

### Low and Other Candidates.

To the Editor of the Journal: The Journal has shown itself to be an honest paper, so I ask it to publish my views on Seth Low, even if it is not of the same political faith. Of all the candidates he is the one against whom no disqualifying characteristic can be used. There has not been a word said against his honesty or his ability. He is a man who would lend more dignity to the office than the office would lend him. Who are his cronies? Henry George—a student, philosopher, sage, if you like, but without experience as a director of large affairs; a theorist and a dreamer; an honest man, undoubtedly, but committed to a theory opposed to our principles of government and in no sense a practical man. Van Wyck? He has the sense of the Croker crowd, and he is a student, but he is not a student of Van Wyck as a Mayorality possibility. Tracy? Another party hack the confessed reason for whose candidacy is to prevent Low's election—a purely selfish purpose. Low is obviously the fittest man. He is respectable and respected, a man of affairs, a tried manager and no man's or organization's creature. That is why I am for Low. Very sincerely yours, THADDEUS H. STERN.

## "The First Born" at the Manhattan.

AFTEI I have seen about half a dozen more Chinese plays, I feel firmly convinced that I shall begin to like them. They are olives and caviare. A little patience and persistence are all that is needed. "The First Born," which came straight from San Francisco, and opened at the Manhattan Theatre last night bored me far less than did "The Cat and the Chuburn" at Olympia a few weeks ago. After last night I am of the opinion that it will be worth while to look up this Chinese matter a little. So I shall snoot around Pell street, lounge amid the Chinese restaurants of Mott street and try to prepare for No. 8 on the Chinese puzzle. Who will present No. 8?

The entertainment last night began, as it did at Olympia, with small whiffs of sickening, nauseating odor that was burned for atmospheric and not for seweristic reasons. The theatre was bathed in this hideous, tinkling odor of incense, and during the long and really striking overture, you sat there getting fainter and fainter. Why Chinese realism must be put on thickly I can't imagine. Managers don't perfume a house when they present a flower-garden, or a country lane, or even a Roman Catholic church. I protested at the odor used for "The Cat and the Chuburn." I reiterate the protest in the case of "The First Born." It is not necessary to cater to all the senses. Let us, I pray, take home a few undamaged.

"The First Born" is the work of Francis Powers, and is said to have made a sensation in San Francisco, which is a few miles nearer to China than New York happens to be. And right here let me say that if the public wants any Chinese play, I can't see how "The First Born" can be rejected. It is a melodrama, a rather greswome melodrama, filled with real goons and all the accessories of lust and murder primitively repressed. It is possibly a key to some of the murders that have occurred in New York. I recommend the police to see it. It may help them in future cases. In fact, "The First Born" is far more useful than it can ever hope to be ornamental.

A lady with a Chinese past is at the bottom of the whole affair. Her name is Looy Tsing, and she is pretty enough to sell cups of lukewarm tea at an Actors' Fund house. She has been the mistress of a Canton Johnny named Man Low Yek, who is a merchant of the Sam Yip Society. He has told her to get herself gone, and she has done it. But the Chinese feminine heart is not unlike others that I have seen at various Broadway theatres. Miss Tsing says: "Revenge," and though she says it in English breakfast tea hieroglyphics, she means it.

The Johnny has done a foolish thing. He has exchanged Looy for no vestal virgin, but for a married lady. Even in China there are Johnnies who have a penchant for the married siren. Chuan Lee is her name, and she is the wife of Chan Wang. She deserts him and her cheerylid, and the jilted one notes all this. Mrs. Lee returns to 'Prisco with her lover, and yearns to see the child of her artless Chinese bosom. She sees him—her first born—and she kidnaps him. The jilted one's vengeance bears fruit. She tells all she knows. Chuan Wang rushes to the house of his betrayer, the child falls and is killed, and the first scene ends. In the second scene Chan Wang's revenge is the theme. The act closes with the death of the betrayer in a singularly, lugubrious and darksome way.

The piece is really excellently handled. Nothing could be more artistic than this scene; nothing more eloquent than its acting. If Chinese melodrama could ever appeal to our subtler natures we should weep at the tragedy of "The First Born." It is directly, concisely and dramatically put forward. But when all has been said and done, I can't see what we gain by it. There are certainly no new ideas, no fragrant emotions, no poetic whisperings. It is the tragedy of an ancient civilization, and we have all been going steadily forward. As a curiosity, "The First Born" may be viewed. But it is not an entertainment. Miss Buckley was delightfully naïve and brio-a-brac like as the city Looy with the Chinese past. I frankly admit that I like a Chinese past better than any other. I would even prefer that it never merged into a present, and I am convinced that it will never sprout a future. Francis Powers, the author, was capital—simple, sincere and completely artistic. All the actors were good. There were no weak spots in the cast; nothing to mar the symmetry of the design that was intended. The wonderful music and the intermezzo were also striking. Nothing that could lighten the barbaric simplicity of the whole thing was left undone. I can quite understand the vogue of "The First Born" at the Golden Gate.

The piece was preceded by a trifle called "A Night Session," adapted from the French of George Feydeau. There was a "Pink Dimoeses"-ey sort of affair, in which wives, husbands and lovers were mixed up at the most un-Parisian-looking restaurant I have ever seen. It began slowly, threatened heavy, and was saved by Mrs. Theobom, who appeared as a sourette, her name not being programmed. Miss Theobom was screamingly funny as an antique matron, who came to the restaurant in a domino with somebody else's husband. A hundred little tricks of business showed in this wonderfully clever actress at her best. As I said, she saved the piece, which is of the very finest description. The cast also included E. M. Holland, Paul Arthur (by permission of George Edwards—ahem! ahem!), Robert Cotton, Maud Haalam and Hugo Toland.

I should prefer the order of a five programme reversed. I would sooner have the Manhattan smelling of "The Night Session," than snuffing at the odor of "The First Born." ALAN DALE.

## A Matter of Feeling.

As the cannibal cook made his last chop into the body of the missionary that was to make the principal dish of the repast that evening, he gave vent to a disagreeable laugh. "That divides him up into thirty-two segments," he said, turning to the assistant chef. "Now, you bisect all those pieces, and that will make sixty-four. Bisect those again, and again, until you get—let me see—two hundred and fifty-six pieces of him. That ought to be enough to go around the table, I think. I think so, yes." Then, leaning upon his axe, he remarked, in a sneering tone: "I often wonder how those fellows feel when they are being made into mince-meat for us people. Do you suppose they have any kind of sensation at all, or do you think they feel nothing?" The assistant chef pondered for a moment. "Doubtless," he replied, "I should say that a missionary under such circumstances would feel terribly uncomfortable. So he says," he resumed his labor in a mincing manner.

## DUDE RECRUITS FOR TAMMANY.

FOR a long time Tammany Hall has had to depend for ultra-fashionable representation and exalted social connection upon Cram, J. Sergeant Cram, whose covert coat, perennial Oxford ties, flowing yellow mustache and scintillating monocle were at once the awe and the pride of the Wigwam.

But of late Cram, old chap, has practically deserted Fourteenth street. The glory of his presence no longer dazzles the braves, and those that once made haste to shake the hand of "Mr. Commissioner" with a reverential fervor that betokened their appreciation of his superiority stand silently on the steps of the council chamber and grow sore-eyed as they look in vain for his coming.

Cram was a sort of connecting link between Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, between Tammany Hall and the Four Hundred.

Therefore, when he came no more with the resplendent raiment and the glad hand, he was missed.

Tammany felt the need of Cram. It couldn't get along without him or somebody to approximate his qualities. It was an impossibility to equal them.

Congressman George B. McClellan was turned to in the dark hour of Cram's desertion, but while George's togs were quite up to the mark and while his social connections were irreproachable he had no mustache and no monocle.

Mr. Jefferson Monticello Levy was next called upon, and as the Moses to lead the multitude out of the wilderness of baggy trousers, short coats and high hats, to the promised land of fashion.

Mr. Levy's autobiography showed him to be a "Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers," and he had, moreover, the advantage of the personal friendship and unequivocal indorsement of the Prince of Wales. There was, furthermore, nothing the matter with his mustache or his monocle, and he had in addition to these requirements as dandy a pair of side-whiskers as ever wooded the vagrant wind or charmed the fastidious fancy of a prima donna.

But he didn't wear Oxford ties the year round and so he was rejected.

Oliver Belmont was the next hope, and he was fully initiated into the mysteries of the Tammany Society. For a time it was thought that Oliver might bring his wardrobe down town and exploit it before the assembled braves, but Oliver was too fond of Newport and Europe and so Tammany was once more at sea in this most important matter of finding a substitute for Cram.

The latest experiment in this direction involves Stewart Melly Brice and William Astor Chanler.

Both these young gentlemen and conspicuous members of the Four Hundred have been trotted out in the present campaign—Brice as a candidate for Councilman and Chanler as the chairman of some convention or other.

Both are admirable chappies, and are well known at Del's and the Waldorf, but neither of them can ever hope to replace Cram. Brice is too careless and Chanler too democratic. Brice is too much interested in pigeon shooting and Chanler too fond of horse racing. They are both all right in their way, but their way isn't Cram's way, and Tammany might as well make up its mind to that end and have done with it.

And, while I am speaking my mind on this all-important subject, Tammany might as well concede its inability to replace Cram at all, and combine its energies to induce him to return with his influence and his togs.

Otherwise Tammany's hold on the dude vote will be seriously imperilled.

Young Ham Fish's wild oats seem to trouble him more than any other action of American aristocracy.

Why doesn't his aggressive and courageous mamma double his six feet two over her knee and spank him?

If she doesn't administer some such correction young Ham Fish is likely to run up against a nigger waiter and get the worst of it, as he did on a former memorable occasion.

All this talk about Guy Nickalls, the famous English oarsman, becoming the coach of the Yale University crew makes me smile.

From my knowledge of Bob Cook for the last twenty years I am prepared to wager that that one-time god of Yale will coach the next crew as he did the last.

It is not improbable that Guy Nickalls may be consulted if he visits New Haven, but when it comes to making boating broth for Yale there is but one Cook.

And if I have not been misinformed, Captain Payne Whitney is as much of this opinion as any one else.

With Mr. Langtry crazy and Mrs. Langtry either married or about to marry again, I wonder who will become of Mrs. Langtry's daughter.

It is not likely, however, that the child, who is now a young woman, will suffer.

Mr. Langtry never did anything for her, for obvious reasons, but Mrs. Langtry is rich in her own right, and I have no doubt that H. R. H. "Tum Tum" would increase the annual allowance of \$2,500, which he has been paying so long if it were necessary.

Moreover, old Prince Esterhazy is so infatuated with the mother that it is likely that he would be kind to the daughter.

The many friends of Mrs. Jordan L. Mott will be pleased to learn that she is fast recovering from a recent severe illness. Mrs. Mott is at present with her daughter, Mrs. Charles P. McLean, at the latter's summer residence in White Plains.

To those that love a gay season no better news could come than the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will leave San Francisco for New York on the 15th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs will return to New York to repeat their successes of last season.

Mr. Howard Gould and Miss Katharine Clemmons are coming back to America on the same steamer, and the gossips are taking that as a sign that their engagement will be formally announced when they arrive.

For my own part, however, I expect nothing of the sort.

Mr. Gould and Miss Clemmons have made too many voyages together for mere propriety on the water to mean anything new matrimonially so far as they are concerned.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Like the Rest of Us.

(Detroit News.)

According to the latest Washington, Mr. Edison has taken out 711 patents, and yet he has to get up against the door-jamb like the rest of us when he wants to scratch his back.

## Talk of the Literary Shop.

JUST now nearly every dramatist, manager and star is looking in the direction of literature for a new play. It is, I consider, a healthful sign of the times that the attention of these persons should be diverted for the moment—or, perhaps, for a season or two—from tanks and fall-road smash-ups and human bridges to the true fountainhead of all great and enduring dramatic work. There has been in the not very remote past a distinct prejudice against "literary plays," as they were termed, but now that the people who control our stage have learned that literature and wind are not the same thing and that plays of genuine literary merit can be made to command public attention, it seems to me that the stage stands a far better chance of being really elevated than it has in many a long day. Of course, the prodigious success of "The Little Minister" has done much to intensify the growing managerial faith in dramatized books—something, by the way, which would not have been considered a moment four years ago, and now I am told that two or three managers have actually inquired the way to the Astor Library—they will make a sensation when they get there—with the intention of finding out for themselves what literature looks like when it is at home.

Many novels will be dramatized this season, but not one of them will awaken any deeper interest in the minds of educated reading people than "Vanity Fair," in which Mrs. Minnie Madden-Fiske is to appear. There are three or four plays in "Vanity Fair," but the dramatic form which Mrs. Fiske will use is to deal with the rise and progress and subsequent fall of Becky Sharp, the actual heroine of the novel whose author declared had none. It may be that the play will be called "Becky Sharp," in order that the public may not expect to see a dramatization of the entire book. It goes without saying that Mrs. Fiske's mental and physical qualifications fit her in the very highest degree for the requirements of the role, and no one doubts that her performance will be a brilliant one. The play, I understand, is to open with a prologue, which shows Becky at Miss Pinkerton's school at the very moment where the parting of the ways of the two girls begins. She can choose either road, but circumstances and her own amorous combination with her relations with Miss Pinkerton and the force of early associations, lead her to choose the one which brings her eventually to disgrace. After the prologue we see her at the home of the Sedleys in Russell Square, and here we are treated to the historical scene in which she makes the silk purse for Joe Sedley, and listens with horrified interest to that bragging civilian's account of his tiger hunts and other adventures by flood and field. The act closes with the ruin of the Sedley family and the ordering of the troops to Brussels.

The second act shows all the characters at the historic ball of the Duchess of Richmond, and we who have been to theatrical representations many times before can easily imagine how the scene will close with the pathetic partings and the marching of the troops past the window at the back of the stage while the wives and daughters wave them tearful farewells. The next act shows the home of the Rawdon Crawleys, in Curzon street, and, of course, closes with the great scene—one of the most dramatic in the whole range of modern English fiction, in which Rawdon Crawley comes home and finds his wife with the Marquis of Steyne. There are two scenes in the last act, and it seems to me that here the author runs the risk of anti-climax: The first of these shows Becky in lodgings with the German students, and the second represents the gambling hall at Pumpernickel. Thus, as in "Beau Brummell," the play closes with a picture of its chief actor ending a brilliant career in miserable state.

There is many another work of fiction which contains excellent dramatic material that has not yet been adapted for the stage. For example, "King Solomon's Mines" is a spectacular play as it stands, and every once in a while some obscure work, like that from which "A Southern Romance" was taken, may be made to yield abundant stuff to the dramatist who knows how to extract. Unfortunately the average manager has very little respect for a book that is not "all the go," as he would express it, and would be much more apt to think favorably of a dramatization of the "Scarlet Letter," or even "Robert Elsmere," than of some comparatively unknown story.